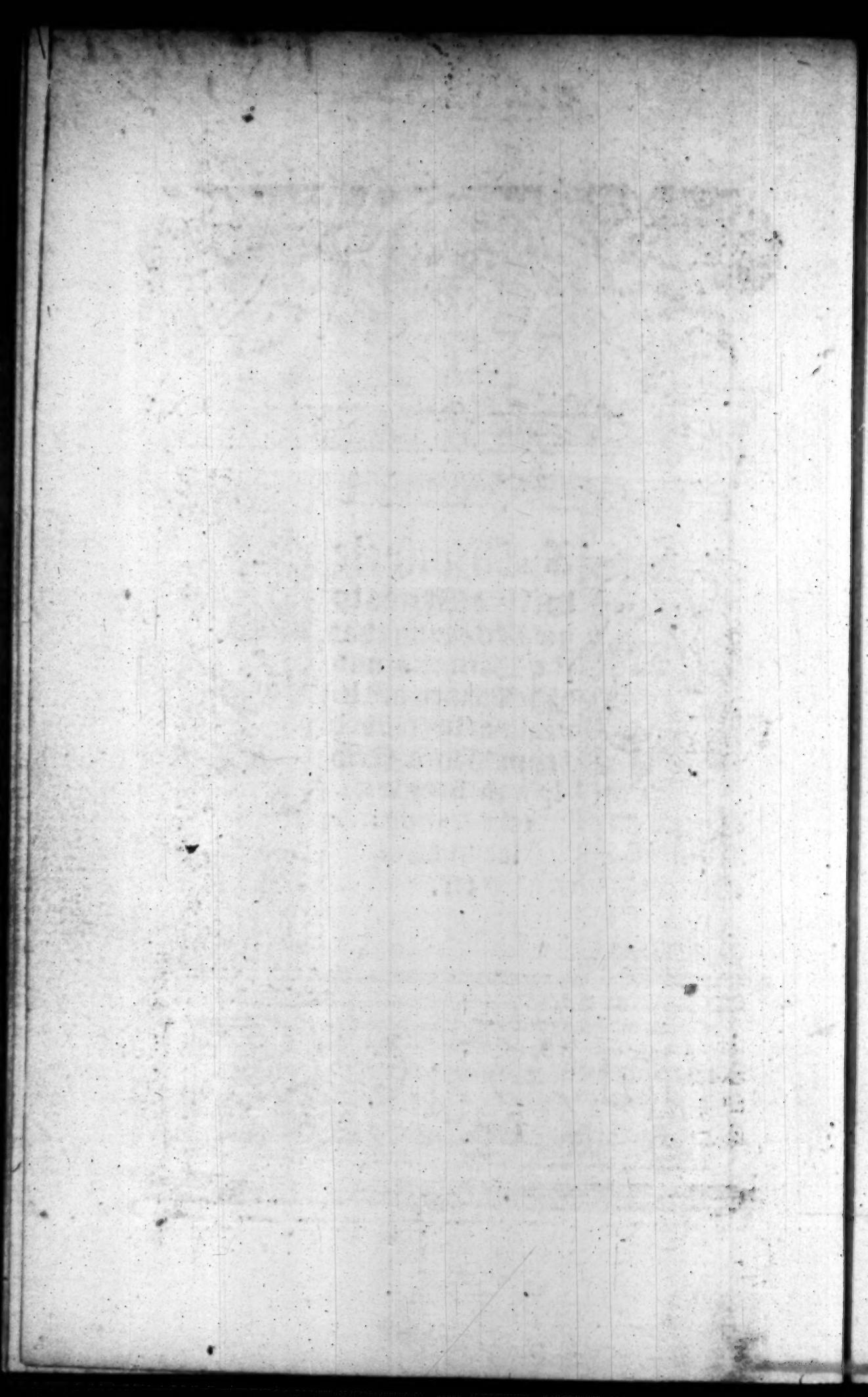


1. Chonpoc  
which a Comma  
is added before the  
first Dittone and  
the first Semicol  
on the first line  
and before the  
first Comma  
in the second  
line.



The preface.

To the hyghe and moste  
excellente Prince Edward the  
sixte, Kyng of Englande, Fraunce  
and Irelande, and in ycarthe the supreme  
heade of the Churche of Englande and  
Irelande: Arthur Belton wyl-  
meth continuall peacc, hel-  
the of bodye, and pro-  
sperous successe.



To the worthy, prudent Sec-  
retary  
In those daies, named  
Danucius  
Wrote volumes large, of  
famous memory  
Duly to pfer, and make  
gloriosus

The name of his Lord, called Burelius  
Thynkyng it sinne, rebuke and shame  
Out of his boke, to seclude his name.

C Eculpius, even in like case  
Preferred, Alexander Seuerus  
Whiche in his tyme, so worthy was  
The Romain Lato, with Titus Luius  
Advauanced the name, of Caesar Julius  
Thus one after other, their tyme did apply  
To that entent, good fame shuld not dy.

C En so most mighty, and gracious prince  
a.ii. Wms

## The preface.

Under suppoſt of your benigne grace,  
I mindyng cleuth, vtterly to conuince  
As moſt vnworþy, folowyng their tracē  
Your redoubted father, in every lyke case  
For to aduaunce, my wittes will frame  
With the moſt worþiſt, to ſet out his name

¶ After shall intreate, of his magnificence  
His lawes, ſtatutes, his Ciuil ordinaunce  
His mighty powre, his wonderfull prudence  
His iust iudgements, his rightfull gouernāce  
Namely to ſpeake of very true ſubſtance  
His graces lawes, moſt godly deuized  
Lately into Wales, to vs there commiſſed

¶ With a certayne true compaſiſon  
Whiche was moſt worþiſt, of Antiquitie  
The Romains, with their foundacion  
ether the Brites, with their posteritie  
And of their Cities, the coueraigntie  
Whiche of them twayne, ſhuld other ſurmoūt  
London or Rome, as after shall recount.

¶ With an extract, or a Genealogy  
Conueyng his, and your moſt noble diſcent  
As auncient Authors, putteth in memory  
From the fyſt age, to this time preſent  
Accordyng to their myndes, & true iudgement  
Who wrote the ſame, in time long paſte  
To that intent, it ſhuld indure and laſt.

¶ Considering the high magnificence  
Of your father, moſt clerely did ſhyne

Page

## The preface.

Passing al other, in princely excellency  
None to be compared before his tyme  
Al men perceiue, your nature doth inclyne  
To amplify the same, more out at large  
Surmounting the steps of your fathers stage

**C**In whom consisteth, our confidence  
Our hope, our trust, our consolation  
Wherin nature, sheweth an euidence  
Accordyng to our expectacion  
To folowe the same, by inclinacion  
With your mother, most gracious Quene  
Whose vertue plaine, in your face is sene.

**C**Thus God of his deuine myght  
Hath indued, your most noble maiestie  
As appeareth to euery mannes syght  
Whose incomperable dexteritie  
In learnyng, hauyng a soueraigntie  
Passyng all other, by reporte of name  
Consideryng your age, this is the same.

**C**The procedynges, of your noble age  
Doth vs encourage, your subiectes trewe  
Well perceiving, your vertuous courage  
Most godly stories, soj to insewe  
Whiche doth incense: my hert doth renewe  
To dedicate this unworthy litell boke  
Unto your highnes, therupon to loke.

**C**Whiche was begon, in your fathers tyme  
Unto whose highnes, I minded the same  
But death alas, his life did bptwyne

## The preface.

Before I coulde my purpose well frame  
Dycrenting al thinges, but his worldy fame  
Whiche may not passe, wither, no; yet decaie  
His famous report, indure shal alway.

**C**O ye infernal systers of the darke nighte  
With Cerberus in Hel, as Portes doth faine  
Of all nobilitie, the quenchers of lighte  
Whose crueltie, no wight can restrayne  
Ye cut the thred, ye parte in twayne  
The lise of man, without respecte  
The poore ye spare, the noble reiecte.

**C**Lursed be ye, ye doughters of Hell  
Whiche are in number, counted but three  
Cloto, Lachesis, and Atropos the fell  
Ye might haue spared, your crueltie  
A littel tymie, of our felicite  
Untill our king, most noble of corage  
Had proceded into moo yeares of age.

**C**What I haue written in sentence playne  
In laude or prayse, of your father dere  
Unto your highnes, let it remayne  
As though it did, to your grace appere  
Written of your selfe, as matter clere  
With no lesse zeale, obedience and loue  
Then duetie may obserue, increase and moue

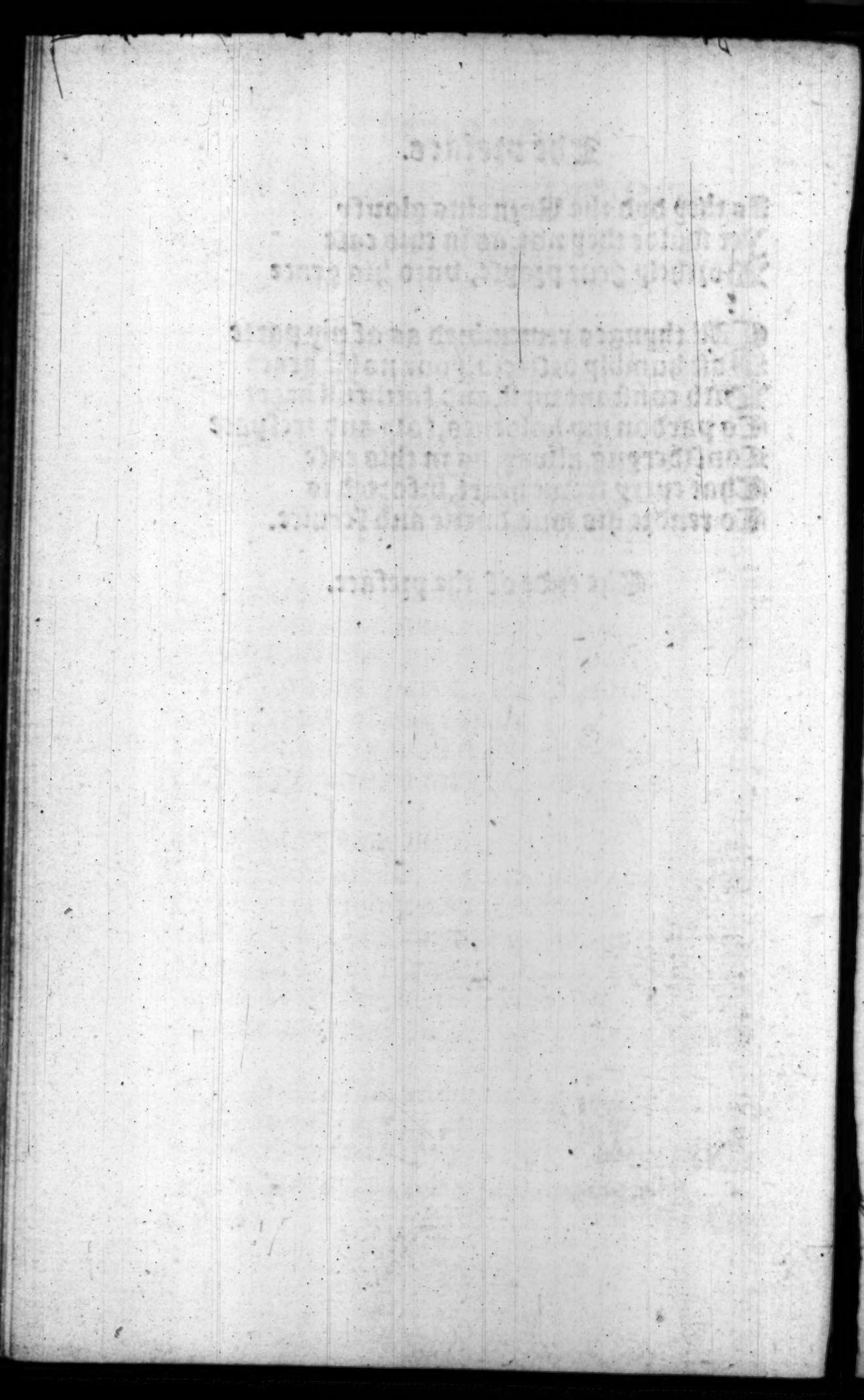
**C**I do confesse, and this is trewe  
Atato the sage, or prudent Tully  
With their syled tonges, and sentence newe  
Were here again his grace to magnify  
As they

## The preface.

As they dyd the Romains gloriſy  
Yet ſhulde they not, as in this caſe  
Wortheſy geue prayſe, unto hiſ grace

All thynges remembred as of my parte  
Moſt humbly deſireth, your noble grace  
With conſtant wyll, and faithfull heart  
To pardon my boldenes, folly and treſpace  
Conſideryng alway, as in this caſe  
That euery trewe heart, inforced is  
To rendre hiſ loue, duetie and ſervice,

The ende of the preface.



# The Chronicle of the Brutes.



**A**t the Golden tyme when  
al thynges flourished  
As it were, by deyne pro-  
uidence  
And that nature in manne  
was stablished.  
Haþyng reason, wiðdome

and science  
By gifte of the high magnisycence  
To understand, determine and knolle  
The Heauens aboue, and the earth alowe.

**C**Then the wyse, sage and auncient  
By great industry and diligent laboure  
By sobre respecte and great aduisement  
Made lawes, statutes, with other good oder  
Man to stablyshe, onely by fauoure  
Them to conducte, safely to bryng  
Unto knowledge, wiðdome and learnyng.

**C**thus by politike moderation  
Without rigoure, or cruel ordinaunce  
Princes notable, of intencion  
Haþyng poure and myghtye governaunce  
Established lawes, by discrete purveyaunce  
Onely they subiectes, to keepe in awe  
Dreadyng God, and fearyng his lawe.

**H**uch Princes, kings & famous Emperors  
b.t. Of

## A Chronicle

Of dertie ought to be magnisched  
Not onely as worthy Conqueroures  
But as men with grace nutrified  
Whose actes are worthy to be specified  
Enrolled vp with golde pearle and stonye  
Registered in a boke, them selfes alone.

¶ Like as the Romains wyse & circumspect  
In tyme long past, their fame to aduaunce  
All notable thynges, as in effecte  
Made by statutes, or Liuell ordynance  
Registered was, for a remembraunce  
Their Senate onely to magnify  
By fam' report, as thei thought the worthy:

¶ The Romaines most commended Leasac  
The Troians Hector the famous knyghte  
The Persians, great Alexander  
The Grekes Achilles, for manhode & myghte  
The Cartagicens, to maintain their rightes  
Affirmynge Hanniball, ther lodesterre  
Thus cuery one, his tyme dyd preferte.

¶ And we Arthur most worthiest of all  
Dught to remember, in our fantasy  
Passyng all other, in deedes marciall  
Isle Mar's him selfe, shinynge in glory  
In his triumphes, conquest and victory  
As the storr of him dothe recounte  
All other kinges in his tyme dyd surmount.

¶ As that tyme is past, and worne out  
This tyme present, we must put in bre  
That

## Of the Brutes.

That in time to come, there b̄ no doute  
But that this tyme, that time may assure  
For time once past, is without recure  
Wherfore this tyme, let vs intende  
The time to come, may this time comende,

Let the Romains, aduance these Ceasars  
The Troyan Hector, their famous knyght  
The Persian their great Alexander  
The Greke Achilles, for strength & myght  
The Carttagiens, to maintain th̄ir ryghte  
Onely preferring, their Hannibal  
Yet haue we one, passing them all.

Whiche we ought of dutie and reverence  
Most humbly, his grace to magnify  
Salute in heart, wylde and sentence  
Somwhat of hym to exemplify  
I meane our kyng, most famous Henry  
Our naturall Lord, our supreme hed  
Most renoumed, and most to be died.

Lyke as Lato, the prudent counceler  
Wrote volumes large, of famous report  
Princes notable, onely to preferre  
Among the Romaynes, vertue to supporre  
Whose example, is to our comforte  
Followynge the same, vice to confounde  
Thus of our dutie, surely are we bounde.

Wherfore I wyll my pen aduaunce  
Mekely thereto my selfe incline  
With most diligent attendaunce

## A Chronicle

Directyng my style, this present tyme  
In wrode and sence, straight as a lyne  
With Rome, Larthage, Thebes & other mo  
As farre as the best, his fame to goo.

**L**yke as Phebes, in the midday spere  
His radiant beames, moste pure and bryghte  
Illustreth out, bothe freshe and cleare  
Pervyng the dewes, by force of myght  
Illumyning all maner of lyght  
Comforting frutes, flowers earbes & grasse  
So doth our king, al other kynges passe.

**I**wold to Chyst that my edicion  
Accordyng to my iudgement  
Myght take effecte, like my intencion  
In thynges condyng worthy or equinolent  
Unto his grace, this tyme present  
Then wolde I the truthe declare  
Which am inforged with termes rude & bare

**I**yet neuerthelesse, my inwarde desyre  
Without any more loquacitee  
Greatly I leke, as reason doth requyre  
For to approue, his noble maiestie  
Of all other kinges, to haue the soueraintee  
As sonne and ayre, to lusty dame nature  
Resemblyng her person shape and sygure.

**I**dare alledge, as in this case  
That nature sought, tyme oportune  
When she first formed, his noble grace  
Onely by respecte, of gentell Fortune

## Of the Brutes.

All other causes, so to contune  
Assured to gether, by promise bounde  
That in his parson, no faulfe were founde.

**C**Thus hathe nature, by great aduisemente  
With circumspecte deliberacion  
Full lyke a Goddess, pure and excellent  
Shewed her powre, and mighty operacion  
Rothyng reseruyng, at his creacion.  
Whiche myght his nobilitie aduaunce  
Unto his byzthe sh he gaue suche attendaunce,

**C**With strength, beawtie, and semelynesse  
He hath amplyfyed his courage  
Most renoumed, for gentlenesse  
Cherin he hathe so great aduaantage  
Passyng all other, his parentage  
Thus by report, preferred is his name  
Intitled in the boke, of worthy fame.

**C**Gentelst of Gentyles, grace to recure  
Like Alcibiades, that famous knyghte  
Of Athenes prince, their party to assure  
So is his grace, most gentlest in syghte  
Whose inward respecte, iudgyng a ryghte  
A prynce of nature, that gentle is  
Of faythfull subiectes, can never myste.

Alcibiades  
of Athenes.

**C**For like as gentlenes, doth playne appere  
Onely by naturall inclinacion  
In countenaunce, in speache and cheare  
So dothe the loue, and hearty affection  
Exclude all maner of contencion

## A Chronicle

Lauseth subiectes, them selfes to endeue  
Wher gentlenes is, in loue to perceve.

By his gentlenes, our wrōgcs ar redressed  
By his gentlenes, our loue made pardutable  
By his gentlenes, the truthe out expressed  
Our heartes are made sure, and veritable  
His gentlenes is so resemblable  
That al thinges to him, he doth accumulate  
Whiche to gentlenes is appropiate.

So that his grace, passeth all other  
An euident thyng for to declare  
There reigned, neuer suche another  
His subiectes to kepe, preserue and spare  
Wherfore we may in this compare  
All most one thyng, as in degree  
His gentlenes, to mercyfull pitie.

For that lande dominion or regimēt  
That hathe a prince, of gentell nature  
God hathe promised, long stablishment  
In loue together, they shall indure  
Wherfore in this, let vs assure  
Sith gentlenes commeth of gyft deuine  
Let vs to gentlenes, our heartes incline.

Thus are we bounde, plainly to expresse  
His gentlenesse, onely to discure  
conseruynge our wealth, and whole redresse  
By his grace, lately put in vse  
Of his lawes, nowe are we made sure  
Among the mountaynes hilles and vales

Nowe

## ¶ Of the Brites.

Now is it England, somtyme called Males.

¶ And further in this to report  
Accordyng to his mercifull yowrage  
Our abusions onely to transpote  
Hath deuised with his counsayl sage  
Males to conduite from all bondage  
Brefely to conclude, this to vnderstand  
¶ Privileged we ar, with the lawcs of Englād

¶ Like as Minos, that famous kyng  
Somtyme raignyng, in the land of Crete  
Full renouined for science and connyng  
Founde out the lawes, most holosome & swete  
Grounded on reason, with vertue replete  
Ministryng them, as a iudge royall  
Among his subiectes, by deedes equal.

Minos king  
of Crete

¶ Prouidynge before, in his aduertence  
None shoulde declyne, as in this case  
For lacke of knowledge, and experiance  
So ready he was, their welthe to purchase  
Thus of his liuyng, and bountifull grace  
Preparynge in tyme, them to aduaunce  
Onely by lawe, and Civil ordinaunce.

¶ Though he wer a kyng, with scepter and  
To execute right, nothig disdained (croune  
For all his fame, his princely renoume  
In iudgement sate, his domes vnfarned  
Love nor hate, his person constrainyd  
But like the deserte, as then did appere

b.iii. His

## A Chronicle

His sentence gane, with right princely ther.

**C**onethamorphosios, there may ye se  
Of Mynes the princely gouernaunce  
Also of Scille voyde of all pitie  
Her father slewe with cruell vengeaunce  
Onely of Minos, to haue acquaintaunce  
And he agayne like a ryghtfull kyng  
Gau sente plain, her dede condempnynge.

**C**for to affyrm and brefely conclude  
Our partie in this, fully to sustayne  
Unto Minos with lyke similitude  
Let vs aduaunce, our kyng and souerayne  
In all thynges that dothe appertayne  
Unto Justice, or good gouernaunce  
By lawe, reason or Ciuitaynynge.

**C**Was there euer yet, any pynce liuyng  
In Chronicle, stoy, or sentence playne  
His noble grace, in this resemblyng  
Or common welthe, for to sustayne  
Or for our sake, vndertoke suche payne  
As dothe his grace, this present tyme  
Us to preserue from damnable cryme.

**C**howe far were we, out of oure way  
For lacke of Justice and good gouernaunce  
Was there euer any, before this day  
Kyng or pynce, of such remembraunce  
Us to instructe, by lawe or ordinaunce  
Wherby we myght, our foly redresse  
Till now his grace, the truthe to confess.

**C**whiche

## Of the Bruses.

**C**hiche by study, and diligent laboure  
Most circumspectly, herein aduised  
For to reforme, our olde behauour  
His gracious lawes, to vs hath commisced  
To the entent we shulde not be supprised  
By bondage enforced with crueltie  
From olde customes, set vs at lybertee.

**C**we must of force, the truthe confesse  
We cannot well, our selues excuse  
Our deedes playnely beareth witness  
Of our folly and great abuse  
Olde customes had, lothe to refuse  
Surely at the fyfte, howe they began  
Not pleasyng to God, nether yet to man.

**C**for among al, some customes we had  
Whiche before God were intollerable  
As I suppose, all men beyng sadde  
Will graunt it, trewe and veritable  
A thyng vniuste falce and flexable  
Though some affirmed their customes sure  
By Charter wiall, euer to indure.

**C**some Lordes no doute had great rialtie  
Conserued by kinges, in times long past  
In forest and Chace, hauyng libertie  
But not their subiectes, to spople and waste  
By colour or craft, suthemeanes to caste  
Them to kepe in thralldome and bondage  
Where they ought, no dewtie nor seruage.

**C**yet some there were, by way of extaction  
b.v. Un-

## A Chronicle

Under pretence, of suche rialtes  
By craft, and subtil collusione  
Only to deceiue, the poorealtes  
Affirmynge vnder suche libertee  
All men to take, that there shoulde passe  
Out of their way, to fine for their trespassse.

A lacke that suche ingratitude  
In mannes mynd shuld be comprechedended  
A poore man, bcyng destitude  
Dute of his way, nothyng offendeth  
The oppression, before entended  
Compound they must, be it right or wronge  
Or els inforged to some pyson stronge.

A duche was the custome, without defencē  
Playnely to yelde, or money to pay  
Foly it was, to speake of indigence  
For ready money, wolde then a away  
(And further) some do the report and say,  
They must agre, and be at a poynt  
As the foster wold, or els lose a toynte.

A Moysthy Edipus the famous yōg knight  
Whiche was so lusty, and freshe of couragē  
So strong, so hardy, so full of myght  
Had never so dredefull, a passage  
Nor in the lengthē of all his voyagē  
Foundē none so monstrosus a beast  
In mountayne, wodde chace or forest.

A ppynr the serpent whiche was so odible  
So monstrosus, so fearefull to see

Lippes of  
ebes

No

## Of the Blutes.

No fyvere, so cruell, and so ferrele  
Devouryng all thyng without pitie  
Was never so full of cruelte  
Men-foi to people, for siluer or golde  
in stoy founde, that cuer was tolde.

This Edippus wylle full perte entent  
Goyng towarde Thebes, that famous citie  
Of aduenture met this cruell Serpent  
Upon the mountayne, called Phocie  
Of his manfull, Magnamites  
There he clewe this monstorous beast  
Hettynge the countrey, and Thebes at rest.

But our Edippus, refuge and Champson  
Our comfoxe our iope and heartes solace  
Our noble, most famous of renoune  
Our kyng most worthiest that euer was  
Onely by prudence, hath brought to pas  
A thousande hath slayne, as in effeate  
Whiche of luche cryme, by force wer detecte.

Our mountains, our wodes, ourchases greet  
From luche exactions, are made full playne  
No rauenous prayes, now can they geate  
They must of force, their fury restrayne  
They may no longer, luche purpose attayne  
There is no helpe for their refute  
But leauue their custome, and olde pursute.

There shall no crafte, nor yet colusion  
No fayned tales, no falce pretence  
No colour, deceipte, or adulacion

## A Chronicle

Be taken nowe for their defence  
Lyke as they are, such lyke recompence  
So that the truthe shalbe defended  
When the vnuste shalbe condempned.

**H**ath not his grace, of his mere goodnes  
Moue pryncely, our causes to renewe  
Brought vs from all wrongfull dures  
Suche abusions, onely to subdew  
And further all offenders to purewe  
Hath stablyshed vs by prudent puruaunce  
Them to chaste, for their misgouvernaunce.

rcules of  
bie or Es-  
te,  
**H**ercules the strong, and pereles knyghte  
Of whō the Poetes, so muche dothe faine  
Had never more vertue force or myght  
Then hath our kyng, Lorde and soueraygne  
Yet dyd he wonderfull thinges attayne  
In his conquest triumphes and victory  
As the stories of hym dothe specify.

**B**ulusis Anteus and Erene  
Of Egypce, Libie, also of Spayne  
All thre kynges by succession  
Can witnessse this story playne  
Diomed in Tracie, as kyng did raygne  
Lacus Nessus and Cerberus the great  
Also the Lyon, and the Bullc of Crete.

**A**bcoz the Serpent, odious and blacks  
Most outragious wyde and savage  
The monstrositie messe of Archades lake  
Devouryng all thynges in their rage

Hercu-

## Of the Brutes.

Hercules with most knyghtly visage  
Hewe them all, suche was his grace  
None might withstand, his knighthod to deface.

These tirantes great, by odysse cryme  
Accused were, of thefte and robbery  
Wryngynge the countrey, vnto ruine  
Spolling the people, of malice and envy  
Deliryng in murder, and tiranny  
Whiche caused Hercules, mangre their wyll  
Them to betray, and after to kyll.

Here must ye note, marke this ryght well  
As Diodorus, affirmeth it playne  
Also Sainct Jerome, likewise doth tell  
How that there were, Hercules twayne  
Whiche were ryght noble, stroies be playne  
But Hercules, named Egipcius  
Was he that dyd, these dedes meruaylous.

Not Hercules, called Alcides  
Whiche the Greekes, so highly do commend  
Sonne of Jupiter, this is douteles  
To whose powre he myght not extend  
Who euer wyll the cause defend  
Loke in the fift boke, of Antiquities  
Of Birous, the Ethimologies.

As in a treatise, lately compyled  
After my simple, and rude devise  
As auncient Autchors, hathe compyssed  
In time long past, right famous and wylle  
Whiche to set forth, I did enterpryse  
where

## A Chronicle

Where ye may see, of these nobles twayn  
For the comon welch, which toke most payn.

¶ Of this Hercules, Called Egipcius  
Laine the notable, and famous lignage  
Downe to Troy, and so to Brutus  
Unto this day, with all the surplusage  
To our most noble, ryall of courage  
Henry the eyght, elect by grace & cuine  
Of the same dissent, stocke blud and lyne.

¶ Whiche onely nowe, for our redresse  
With like vygoure, and manfull myght  
Is a kyng, of wisedome perelesse  
Considering all thynges of ryght  
Suche tiranny hath appealed out of syghte  
By his royall powre, and heart most constante  
Is at this tyne, to vs is apparaunt.

¶ Wherc are become, these tirauntes great  
So insaciate, of their desye  
Whose rauin some time, no man could let  
So enraged was, their mortall pre  
Who durst denay, what they did require  
To burne or spoyle, all was one thyng  
Suche was their vse, custome and liuyng.

¶ The trewe man abrode, he myght not pas  
But must of force, with them compounde  
Like as they wold, geue more or las  
Or els they wolde, his wealthc confounde  
With some distres, to beate or wounde  
His catrell steale, or goodes to spoile  
Thus wolde the Chefe, the true man defolle.

¶ YE

## Of the Brutes.

If they were taken, as seldom was seen  
They wolde alledge, for they; defence  
The Lord of the copie myght them redeme  
And of this roialtee, with them dispence  
Suche was their vse, and byle prentice  
Paiyng therfore, their fine accustomed  
From all daunger, to be franchysed

The partie nothyng herein sustayns  
Must nedes of force, his wrong sustayne  
Goddes people vterly despysed  
The trewe man the losse, the chefe the gayne  
Restitution none should they attayne  
Five pounde and a peny, paid for the fyne  
The Chefe goeth quite, for fault and crime,

And yet alas, one custome we had  
Whiche as I thinke, all grace dyd expell  
I suppose never none halfe so bad  
Engendred in the pitte of Hell  
The price of a man, was knownen to well  
Yf he were slayne, the painment should be  
Lyke as he was, in byzthe oþ degre,

No custome unkynnde, causer of distresse  
Whose terrible plague, infecteth the Syre  
Mannes lyfe with murdre, to represse  
Consideryng Christ, mannes soule to repayre  
Became man, of a Virgyn fayre  
Only for loue, man to redeme  
Alas that man, with murdre shuld be sene.

Murdre of truthe, is intollerable

Murdre

## A Chronicle

Murdre before God, calleth for vengeance  
Murdre to man, is abominable  
Murdre to nature, is a deflaunce  
Murdre to lyfe, is a discontinuance  
Murdre to grace, is playne a rebell  
Murdre at the first, began sure in Hell.

**C**his was our countrey brought in defame  
Slaundred and noysed, for our outrage  
All trewe men of this reaported shame  
God knoweth who had the pylage  
The poore man, but small aduaantage  
The Chefe his pleasure, on mountayn & hyll  
Yf he had money, myght walke at his wyll.

**C**thus the slander ranne far abyde  
All most to our greate desolacion  
As though we all had ben of one accordē  
No diversitee in their opinion  
Suche was the rumoure and communisacio  
No thyng reseruyng in their iudgement  
Betwene a Chefe and the Innocent.

**C**and thus full ofte, we bare the blame  
causeles, of truthe nothyng offended  
Nor by consent, worthy of infame  
Yet by report we were suspended  
As though we had, thereto intended  
Idelnesse was cause, as in effecte  
Why we were had in such respecte.

ici<sup>9</sup> Sardas **C**Oh thou vicious Hardanipall  
The beginnyng of slouthe and Idelnesse  
Whose

## Of the Brutes.

Whose example all welth dooth appall  
Delightyng in synne and wretchednesse  
With surfeites great, the body to oppresse  
Whiche brought in theste and robbery  
Murder, riote, also aduoutry.

¶ Who list the story, to accompte  
Shall well perceiue, in sloth and idlenesse  
All other before the, thou didst surmounte  
Thy vicious life, bereft full witnessesse  
She was thy lady and chiefe mestresse  
To whom thou didst, thy self abounde  
Whiche was the cause thy person to confound

¶ For Arbachus, of vertues respecte  
As a prince of excellent wisdome  
Did thee manace, chastise and correcce  
For thy froward, abomination  
Idlenesse was cause, and occasion  
Why thou vicious Hardanapall  
From thyne estate, had so greate a fall

Verteou  
Arbachu

¶ For like as vertuous businesse  
Inuenteth thynges right laudable  
So doth riote and idlenesse  
Increase mischenes intollorables  
One thyng marke, whiche is veritable  
But idlenesse, clene out of vre  
For custome all moste, turneth to nature.

¶ Note where idlenesse, doth oft remayne  
Fare well all vertuous businesse  
For idlenesse, inflameth the brayne

c.i. And

## A Chronicle

And bryngeth in newe fanglenesse  
He quenches the herte, from all goodnesse  
And aldrie last, note this for ever  
God from man, it doth cleane deceyuer.

**I**Idlenes, caused our abusion  
By idlenes, increased our infame  
Till now of late, by politike reason  
Of our kyng, mooste gracious of name  
Whiche hath brought vs into a new frame  
So that we fele, by worldly busynesse  
There commeth gayne, and moderat richesse

**C**Thus hath our wise worthy Arbachus  
Suppreſſed our foly and customes rude  
Caſyng our hertes, to be desirous  
To folowe the ſage, multitude  
Idlenes utterly to excludē  
Laboryng abroad, our fode to gete  
Leuyng by our handes, and bodily ſweate.

**C**To digge and delue, to care and ſetw  
To graffe or plant, in rough or playne  
On mountayns hie, or vales lowe  
Little we forke, for labouſ and payne  
So that we maie, our welth attayne  
Tenderyng ſo muche our busynesse  
That we forget, the vice of idlenesse.

**F**fo; where of truthe, with vs late past  
Bothe corne and fruite, was scant and bare  
Our countree boyde, laie halfe in wast  
I dare allegē, and ſurely declare

Now

## Of the Brutes.

Now at this tyme we mae well spare  
If there shoulde chaunce, a tyme of nedē  
With corne and cataile, our neigbors fedē

And thus dally, we do preuaile  
In our increase, bo the cataile and corne  
Thankes be to God, all is quoche quasle  
The chaffe the wedes, a waie are shorne  
Neuer so well, sens we wer borne  
Our countree made playne, and habitable  
Whiche seemed before, irrecurable.

And further, of his benyng grace  
Through his moſte mercifull aſtent  
Our commune welch, for to purchace  
Hath remitted, of pure intent  
Two thouſande markes, of yerely rent  
Before paied, in ſiluer and golde  
Taxed emong vs, of cuſtomes olde.

Yet hath our Troian, moſt mighty empe  
Planted vs, with prudent Latons (coure  
To be our president and gouernour  
Associate with noble ſpious  
With diuerſe mo, of high diſcreſſions  
For to augment, our common weale  
Graunted by comiſſion, vnder hiſ ſcale.

In sundery parties, for our redyſſe  
As did ſome tyme, the noble ſenate  
Consules prefectes, of greate ſadneſſe  
Dictatours full famous, of estate  
Decemvires, wiſedome to approbate  
c.ii, Trauersyng

## A Chronicle

Trauersyng the countries rounde aboute  
Wher suspekte persones, wer had moste in-  
(doubte.

To that intent, our ciuility  
Wer not suppressed, for lacke of gouernance  
Nether is inforged, by tyrrany  
But redusled, to a liuile substance  
Accordyng to the vse, and continuance  
Of Englishe lawes, in tyme long past  
Wherof we bee now, made sure and fast.

Thus charge vpon charge, daily doth in-  
Unto his grace, in maner importable (sewe  
Inuentyng lawes, and statutes newe  
Centill and softe, by meane treatable  
To thentent, it shold bee pardurable  
Emong vs for euer, this is the meane  
Uncoverted, to kepe vs pure and cleane,

Thus a kyng of vigilant respecte  
Sheweth vnto vs, this constant loue  
As a father, in this effecte  
Tenderyng his childe, vice to remoue  
Without rigoure, our foly doth reproue  
Laryng not for treasure or expence  
But to withdrawe, the cause of our offence.

For to compare, and brefe the tyme  
Accompt all stories, that euer was  
Inforce your self, thereto to inclyne  
Rede where ye list, your tyme to pas  
And ye shall not finde, that euer there was  
A kyng of better remembrance

His

## Of the Brutes.

His subiectes to kepe, preserue and aduance,

**C**ircken Cesar, with his triumphes all  
Alexander Hector, or Achilles  
Edippus, or worthy Haniball  
Minos the Judges, or greate Hercules  
Or yet Arbachus, of knighthod pereles  
Let them come all, their vertue to declare  
Yet shall they not, with his grace compare.

**C**For these princes, these conquerors great  
Set their mynde, and full attendance  
Countrees to subdewe, & kyngdoms to geate  
Onely by strength and mightie puysance  
And come again to take their chance  
Jeopard their persones, to get them a name  
As beastes wilde, to make them tame.

**C**And thus they wrought all by fantasy  
As fortune list, the party assure  
To win or lose, put in ieopardy  
Hap as it would, all inaduenture  
Goodes, landes, life, body and treasure  
But those kynges, are mooste to be commeded  
Frō vicious life, their subiectes hath defēded.

**C**As our noble, and mooste famous kyng  
Appoynted by grace, of the deite  
Moste circumspecte, in ouer lokynge  
His subiectes to kepe, in a conformite  
One lawe, one kyng, one deuinite  
One faithe, one hope, one crudicion  
One mynde, one will, and one intencion.

c.iii. Neuer

## A Chronicle

Never none like, accompt the tyme  
Hens Brute, our first progenitoure  
Borne by dissent, of right noble lyne  
Beyng prince, kyng, and goueronure  
Unto our parentes, chiefe protectoure  
Through whose manfull magnanimitie  
Thei wer deliuered, from olde captuite.

**C**As famous auctours, moste seriously  
With a sincere opposition  
In tyme long past right willyngly  
By a louyng emulacion  
Onely for our eriducion  
Hath related, as after shall insewe  
More exactly, matter constaunt and trewe.

**C**Some what herin, doubtles am I moued  
For to expresse, my fantasy  
Frot of impacience, muche greued  
But that some, hath iudged wrongfully  
As in reproche, of our country  
Denyng playne, moste noble Brute  
Our antecessor our stocke and our frute.

**C**A boke of late, there was compiled  
*Nidus.* By Polidorus, in Italy borne  
Nothyng to vs reconciled  
But rather written, in hatred or scorne  
Yet shall we saie, if he had sworne  
We Welshmen, with hym shall compare  
For olde antiquities, the truch to declare.

**C**His slanderous stile, to exterminate  
Relect

## Of the Brutes.

Resent, auoyde, and cleane put a waie  
Whiche is so subtle, and intricate  
Thynkyng therby, our fame to decate  
None will so reporte, I dare well saie  
Hauyng wit, reason or intelligence  
ether to iustice, myndyng aduertence,

**C**Not contented this to deny  
But woulde of force, our name appall  
Cleue to extince, out of memory  
As though we wer, rejectes of all  
Knowyng not, our discent naturall  
From whence we came, nor of what lyne  
Us to infame, this is his cryme.

**C**We thinke of truth, to muche ye erre  
In your reproche, spoke of disdain  
Affirmynge plaine, in tyme of warre  
We Welshemen, no honor to attain  
Nether yet in peace, trewe to remain  
Your barbarous wordes, backe doth reboüde  
To your infame, all thynges doth sounde.

**C**It is vnmete, a man of your age  
Accompted sadde, wise and discrete  
So violently abyode to rage  
Matters to penne, whiche is vnmete  
With wordes vntrew, with termes onswete  
Of thynges deny whiche auctours olde  
In tyme long past, bothe wrote and tolde.

**C**Who shal but thinke, your sentence light  
As thynges in vain, to none effecte

c.iii. Wordes

## A Chronicle

Wordes of reproche, spoke again righte  
Menne shoud abhore, and cleane reiecte  
To bzeue my tyme, this is the effecte  
Your slanderous wordes, affirmeth plaine  
To rise of ire, hatred or disdayne.

**C** If ye of force, will vs persewe  
Only through your ingratitude  
Blame vs nothing, your wordes exchewe  
Beware hurte not, a multitude  
Lest some perchaunce, with sentence rude  
Justly again, like your offence  
Euen with the same, will you recompence,

**C** We speake to you, Master Polidorus  
Whose ingratitude, we greatly complain  
Ye go aboute, to rase out the floures  
Of our parentes, as thynges in vain  
And yet of truthe, ye cannot refrain  
But generally, vs to accuse  
No indifferency, herin ye vse.

**C** We Welshmen saie for our defence  
That ye Romayns, surmountyng in pride  
With your Imperiall magnificence  
Supposyng therby, the heuens to deuide  
Came long after, our noble tribe  
So that we maiest write of your estate  
Not ye of vs, ye came all to late.

**C** How shoud ye knowe, our antecessours  
Our stocke, our line, our progeny  
Our moste mightie conquerours

Sixthe

## Of the Brutes.

Sicke ye bee of muche lesse memory  
Writyng nothyng, almoſte plainly  
But what doth rebounde, to your estate  
Magnifyng the pompe, of your Senate.

By cause your auctoure, Titus Liuius  
Of noble Brute maketh no mencion  
Beyng perchaunce, somewhat obſuius  
Or knewe not, of that ſucceſſion  
Therefore ye make no diſcripcion  
But onely of your kynges of Italie  
Whiche reigned there, ſuccelluely.

As appereth, by ſtorie euident  
Called Fasciculus Temporum  
Where little is, to vs pertinent  
But to the firſt, of your ſucceſſion  
Hauyng the regall poſſeſſion  
Bruevely doth paſſe, all other thynges  
Onely doth write, but of a fewe kynges.

Though he forgate, this noble prince  
Or listed not, his fame to conuaie  
Yet ſhall he not his name conuince  
Nor this his honor, to pulle awaie  
Fasciculus Temporum, plainly doth ſaiſe  
That Brute beganne, firſt to excell  
Whē Heli was priefe, and Judge of Iſrael

Holy Eusebius, doth teſtifie  
Also ſaint Bede, maketh mencion  
That noble Brute of the age, fife and thirtie  
Entered firſt into thiſ region

## A Chronicle

Whiche was before Chistes incarnation  
A thousand. i. L. twenty and twayne  
And after Troye. xlviij. yeres playne

**G**alfidus affirmeth assuredly  
That noble Brute, in his yeres grene  
Like Marce for strength, feare and hardy.  
In Grece moste princely was sene  
Man there croune, ceptre and diademe  
From Panderus, of Achilles blud  
His daughter, his treasure, with all his gud.

**A**nd further the Grekes to deface  
That daie he did, the felde recure  
Moste princely, met them in the face  
Whose knightly strokes, thei might not ins  
A childe he bare, the felde of asure (dure  
To hree crounes of gold, sumtously wrought  
A Lion sette, on his helmet a lofte.

**G**also Guydo, de Collumpnia  
Doth verifie, this to be trewe  
That he did honor the goddes Diana  
Passyng the seas, fortune to insewe  
Where he had answere, his iopes to renewe  
Beyng right yong, should supply the place  
With scepter & croune, his enemies to inchase

**R**anulphus, a manne of perfection  
Writeth right playne, as in this case  
How noble Brute, within this region  
Landed first, by a speciall grace  
Predestinate before, was that place

## Of the Brutes.

As Diana the mightie Goddes  
Had promised, namyng it Totnesse,

Also the floure, of histories  
Named Peter Patauences  
With many noble writers  
Alloweth the verie same sences  
To muche of truthe, are their offences  
Whiche will alone, suche thynges deny  
That auctours olde, do write and verify.

Martinus super Cronicas  
Veropius, and Sabellicus  
Affirmeth playne, how all thyng was  
In the tyme of Brenne and Belenus  
Of the discent, of noble Brutus  
How thei entered, first into Italie  
Hauyng at Rome gates, a noble victorie.

This story to amplifie and augment  
The sixt yere of Artaxarses the kyng  
As Iacobus Phillipus doth assent  
Ouer the Persians, that tyme reignyng  
These princes. ii. with standarde displaiyng  
As brother with brother, of one minde & affet  
Again you Romans, with hert most veruet

Had a battaill strong, as is expressed  
Where your Senate, Tribunes & Dictators  
By knightly force, wer clene oppressed  
Your Prietours, Consules and gouernours  
Your lusty manfull, young soldiours  
Your valiant knightes, in stede armed bright

## A Chronicle

All wer taken, slain or put to flight.

**C**Ye cannot well, these auctours deny  
For all your vain tentacion  
Your citee spoyled, all went a wy  
Make therof a true declaracion  
Ye wer right faine by composition  
A peace to take, ths is no nace  
Els to yelde vp, or sone flic awaie.

**C**Noble Arthur the famous Rente  
Of the same line, and true succession  
Whiche by his conquest, and princely pursue  
Vanquished full many a region  
Sonne of Uter called Pendragon  
Chronicles, plainly doth it specify  
Yet ye Romaines, this prince will deny

**C**roke in Fasciculus Temporum  
The tyme of Bisshoppe, Hilarius  
In linea Christi, accomptyng the sum  
Fourc hundred sixty & four, truly to discus  
Then flourished Arthur, that was victorious  
With his owne hande, in one daie he slewe  
Fourc hundred & sixty, if that stroy be true.

**C**Also beholde Pollicronicon  
At he. xiii. Chapiter, the seuenth boke  
There maie ye se, by plain discription  
The yere of our Lord, who list to loke  
A xi hundred fourte score, his body vp toke  
Translated into Glastinbury  
By the famous kyng, the second Henry.

## Of the Brutes.

**C**In the thirtie yere, or there aboute  
Of our soueraigne, kyng Henry theight  
Ye blinded Romains, to put out of doubte  
The cause made plain, perfect and streight  
A crosse was founde, of full greate waight  
In Glastenbury, with letters of golde  
Grauen full depe, with this sentence olde.

**C**here lieth Arthur, the worthy kyng  
Depe in the grounde, his body to hyside  
Sometime in Britaine, famously reignyng  
God of his mercie, for hym prouide  
His solle vnto rest, to be his guide  
For a more conco; daunce of earthly fame  
For cuermore, florisse inought his name.

**C**But ye Romains so full of pride  
Will in nowise, to this assent  
In couerture, all thynges to hyside  
Of ambition, and froward intent  
In all your stories, this is full ment  
Nothyng to touche, or matter to frame  
Whiche should rebounde, to your rebuke or  
(Shame)

**C**oure olde enimie, rancor and debate  
Will not permit, the Brutes to aduaunce  
By cause your noble Imperiall estate  
By them was brought, vnto vtteraunce  
At your hard walles, such was your chaunce  
The honor ye lost, your knyghtes mally slain  
By princes notable, kynges of Britain.

**C**for shame a wake, beginne of newe  
Recant

## A Chronicle

To Master Recante your farned fantasie  
Dolidorus. Confesse your faulter, all is vntrewe  
Make some excuse, with honestie  
Affirme the slepe, was in your iye  
Feeble with watche, heuy was your hed  
Ye wist not well, what ye wrote or said.

C And thus make ye, your self excuse  
Referryng it, unto ignorance  
Your old errours, clene to refuse  
Resyng playne, as matter insubstance  
All that ye did, was of inconstance  
Affection moued so muche your intent  
For to write trewe, ye could not assent.

C Sithe ye so largely, in your pretence  
Here tofore, haue vs frequented  
Ta amplifying your cruell insence  
Again vs moste fraudently inuented  
Though herin my spirties be incensed  
You to requite, in writyng so large  
Take it a worth, mync is the charge.

C For he that will, causes procure  
Or it inuent, thynges of defame  
He make well sudge, beynge right sure  
Men will requite hym, euен with the same  
Likewise again, in borde or in game  
As the cause is, seke out the grounde  
Slandered report, clene to confounde

C Ye are vnueritabl, in your report  
Unshamefast, auctours to deny

End

## Of the Brutes.

And we very lothe, for to suppose  
Fables vntrewe, to invent a lye  
Let Boccas by iudge, if ye will apply  
Whiche of vs twalne, moste haue offended  
Or in this case, worthiest to be commended.

**C**Where ye alledge, and vs accuse  
That we in battaill, are feble and faint  
No feres of armes that we can vse  
But must of force, of very constraint  
Intreate of peace, as cowardes attaint  
Your slandered reporte, to your infame  
Shall euer increase, in hinderyng your name

**C**I will appcale, as in this case  
Recordē to take, of Titus Liuius  
Let hym verify, how all thynges was  
In the tyme of noble Camillus  
Dictatour of Rome with famous Lucius  
Consuls electe, as for that pere  
With Emilius, the story is full clere.

**C**Eutropius an auctoure full trewe  
Likewise plainly, doth defyne  
As in the story, before doth insewe  
The famous Brutes, as in their tyme  
Beyng of discente, bloud birthe and lyne  
Of noble Brute, their fury to withstande.  
Rome inclosed, with moste mighty Englāde

**C**If ye list by clere, computacion  
Plainly to knowe, the yeres and the tyme  
How long it was, after Romes foundacion  
Three

## A Chronicle

Three hūdred thre score puttynge thereto nyne  
The first fall, the wofull ruyne  
Of Rome that ever, I did of rede  
Neuer before, standyng in suchc feare & dide

¶ Oh ye Romans, full of p̄esumpcion  
Remembre your birthe, stocke, and your line  
And of your citee, the first foudacion  
Accomptyng A milius your parentyne  
With Rea his sister, the feminyne  
And Aldre last, truly to discus  
The two b̄rethren, Remus and Romulus:

¶ Ye beganne with robbery and pilage  
And we by marciall dissipline  
Ye froward of birthe, bloud and linage  
And we right noble, famous of line  
Accompt bothe male, and feminyne  
Ye in fayned, fables to inewe  
And we in forced, to stroies trewe.

¶ Thynge grounded on w̄ong maie not  
Scripture therof, maketh mencion (indure  
An euill beginnyng, who maie assure  
Therof to make, a good foudacion  
For wherc nothyng is, but fraude & treason  
Murdre riote, with foule aduoutry  
The ende must nedes, be full of misery.

¶ Though fortune fauor, a syme to aduāce  
In her assence, climyng a lofte  
With a pretence, of faire countenance  
As hath been proued, in tymes full ofte

In

## Of the Brutes.

In her returne, falling vnsofte  
She hath agayne, with frownyng there  
Dusked the weather, before pure and clere:

Where ar nowe your famous Emperors  
Your triumphant knyghtes, stately ridyng  
Your notable wise Senatours  
Your Consulrs, your Littie guidyng  
Your pcefectes Dictatours, clere lyning  
Are they not consumed, frustate and gone  
And ye from fauoure, almost left alone?

Your noble Marche called Aurelius  
Which was of Rome, the famous Empezoz Marcus  
Cryng out, with voice most piteous Aurelius  
Lursynge the tyme, the day and houre  
When Rome beganne, first for to flowre  
Triumphyng in pompe, also in pride  
Which caused vertue, from Rome to deuide.

Did not he also, piteously complayne  
Satyng of truthe, Rome shal be cofounded  
Of very Justice, the Goddes cannot restrain  
But of equitie, must be condempned  
For like he said, as Rome was commended  
Aboue all other, most worthiest of name  
The time shall come, of reproche and shame.

It must procede, by iustfull sentence  
Consideryng al thynges of ryght  
Where oppression is done by violence  
It may not indure, by force of myght  
Example good, to euery wight

## A Chronicle

Beholde ye Romains, this present tyme  
Are ye not almost, brought vnto ruine.

Remus and Romulus

**C**onsidre well, your first begynnyng  
Of Remus and Romulus, brother & brother  
An accident, of very euill living  
If ye note well, Rea their mother  
Sacred to Vesta, it was no other  
Professed there, onely to Chastitee  
Hir lyfe duryng, to live in virginitie,

**C**The Temple by her, defiled was  
The stoy playne, beareth full witnessse  
And she againe, for her trespassse  
By her brother, cruell and merciles  
Voyde of all succoure, beyng remediles  
Died in prison, recure was there none  
Her chyldren sole, left alone.

Their father not knownen, for birth or linage  
Fostered they were, without al reverence  
Of a shee Wolfe, full wilde and sauage  
The children froward, cruell of corage  
Of very hatred, ire and disdayne  
The elder brother, the yonger hath slayne.

**C**lyke as their uncle, named Ennius  
His brother slewe, with fraude and treason  
So in like case, most cruell Romulus  
Against all kynd, and naturall reason  
His brother slewe, for his possession  
Thus of Rome, was the Antiquitie  
Murdre vpon murdre, voyde of all pitie.

**C**h

## ¶ of the Brutes.

¶ Remembre Rome, thy olde abusion  
Thy infamed, and curse d gouernance  
Thy tyranny, and falce extorsion  
Thy great adultrie, and fowle balaunce  
May these together, al in one balaunce  
And thou shalt not fynd, any righful sentence  
Against the Brutes, to gene euidence.

¶ of the Brutes.

¶ Who began fyrt, the Civil warres  
Discord, discencion, troubl and stryffe  
The proud Romains, surmounting the sterres  
Whiche was the losse, of many mannes life  
Marius & Silla, began the myschefe  
Foure thousand lay deade and slayne  
Six hundred knyghtes, the stroy is playne

Marius  
and Silla.

¶ Likewise most dzedefull and pitcons  
For to reherse, the woful destruction  
Betwene Pompey, and Leasat Julius  
The hundred M. brought to confusion  
Murdred & slain, through falce abusion  
Thus of the Romains, was þ gouernance  
Let Boccas be iudge, of al their mischaunce.

Leasat Ju  
lius Pom  
peius.

¶ Who were the cruell, persecutours  
Who subplanted, Christes religion  
Who were the falce, conspiratours  
Who were the traytors, to every region  
Who, wrought fraud, who wrought treason  
Who slewe the Appostles, Peter and Pauls  
Who martered, all most the saintes all.

¶ Who invented, falce conspiracie

d.ii.

Who

## A Chronicle

Who oppressed, the poore Innocent  
Who slew the worthy Scipions thie  
Oh cursed people, without al reverence  
Who conspired against the magnificence  
Of Caesar, most mightiest of estate  
By treason slaine, among your Senate.

**C**Oh cruell Rome, confesse thy outrage  
Thy shameful murdre, thy foule abusion  
Lry out and complaine, with al thy Surplusage  
Blacke alacke, through falce contradiction  
In the was slayne, by cruell treason  
The lantern the light, the prince of eloquence  
Among you Romaines, most of excellencye.

Tully

**C**Of Rethorique, the famous oratour  
In his daies, called sage Tullipe  
Chosen to be a gouernoure  
Your common weale, onely to guyde  
By meane of knighthode, also of Cleargy  
Defended you, from prounde Catalaine  
Which wold haue brought your citieto ruine

**C**With all his falce conspiratours  
which to his treason, were fully consented  
Punished those rebelles, and traitours  
By prison strong, their bodies turmented  
By force wherof, the commons assented  
The prison to call, after his owne name  
Tullian, the moe to encrease his fame

**C**What shuld I say, of your treasons all  
To amplify them, and set them at large

In

## Of the Brutes.

In murdye and riote, like fendes infernall  
So monstorous ye are, of mind and cozage  
Of customes olde, as beastes full sauage  
Innocentes to kill, vertue to confound  
Of all sorowes, the rote and the ground

C fourtene Emperours, in stories I synde  
One after other, there did insewe  
To Chistes faith, cruell and dynkynde  
Innocent bloud, causelesse to persewe  
Onely twayne, no mo was founde trewe  
All the rest, as tirantes inflamed  
Moldin no wile, Chist to be named.

C Recorde I take, of that cursed man  
To God alway, founde contrarius  
Called in his day, cruell Maelian  
Voide of all fauoure, most impiteous  
Of Emperoures all, none moze vngracious  
Against Chistes faithe, of mind and will  
By persecucion, his sanctes to kyll.

Malarian

But god of his grace, his power to wddiae ~~Wapo~~ Dapo  
Caused Dapo; that time kyng of Perce  
For all his froward, and cursed lawe  
His imperiall powre, sone to suscesse  
Toke him prisoner, in middes of the Prece  
Made a fote stoole, of his cursed Coise  
When euer he lyst, to mount on his Hoysse.

C Likewise the tiraunt, named Domician  
Proudest of all, recken any one  
Persecuted many a Christian man

Domician

d.iii. unto

## A Chronicle

Into Pathmos, exiled wasnt Iohn  
Thought hym selfe, most worthiest alone  
In his estate, proudly vp stalled  
A God abrode, for to be called.

Made a decree, of very presumption  
In paine of death, no man to deny  
But God aboue, knowyng his intention  
To punishe his pride, in his owne armes  
Caused his knyghtes, to wounde his body  
With vnware death, the stoy to expresse  
Denied of buriall, was his Larcasse.

Maxence

Most cruell infamed Maxence  
Likewyse our faith, he did persewe  
Causeles with most cruell violence  
Hauyng no respecte, to Christ Jesu  
Slayne as a traytour, to God vntrewe  
Of very disdayne, his life once past  
His cursed troncke, into Tybre was cast.

Galerius

Galerius falseste of assent  
Against Chistes faith, sought occasion  
Them to destroy, by furious iudgement  
Whiche was at length, to his confusion  
With sicknesse take, thus in conclusion  
The Tyrre corrupted, gan to putrify  
Onely by stincke, of his carren body

Valence.

Also valence, the prowers Imperour  
Whiche in his rage, was so mercylesse  
Against Hermites, them to deuoure  
Luyng in desert, and wildernesse

Slewe

## Of the Brutes. 2

Hewe them all of very wilfulnesse  
Consumed he was, by brennyng of fyre  
By the Gootes, which his death dyd conspire

Most cursed of all, that I rehersse can  
Among all your falce conspiratours  
Was your Emperour, named Julian  
Whiche brought by crafty inuencions  
Called spyrtes, by his Conuersacons  
Did them worship, by way of sacrifice  
Unto God most hatefull, in such maner wise

Julian I.  
posita.

With them he had, suche conuersacion  
That they to hym, were fauourable  
For his Ceremonies, and falce oblation  
Promising hym, to be veritable  
That he shoulde passe, in deedes honorable  
Great Alexander, in triumphant victory  
As in excellyng, his state and glori.

Thus fell he into sayned sancte  
Truslyng to Pluto, the God infernall  
But then the Lord most mighty  
Disdayned his pryde, Imperiall  
Send vnto him a knyght Immortall  
Most Angeliche, in Steele armed brigght  
Roue hym to the hearte in his most myght.

Among all other, that I can rede  
Most vicious, and odious to heare  
Was cursed Nero, without feare or drede  
Whose shamful stori, plainly doth appere  
Consydre it well: ye Romains drawe nore

Nelius  
Nero.

d.iiiij. Suche

## A Chronicle

Duche do ye foster,养is the vp and bryng  
Hatefull to God, most fro ward in liyng

¶ Who was more vicious of nature  
By constraint of his disposition  
Who was more vnse, grace to recover  
Then was Nero, by inclinacion  
More prouder of poit, with fraude & treason  
His wife his brother, causelesse he slewe  
No matter of right, them to pursue.

¶ This stoy right sore, doth him accuse  
With his mother called Agripine  
Like a ribauld her body shuld myluse  
In carnal knowlage, filthy as a swine  
And further playnely to desyne  
His mothers wombe, he corue vpon a day  
To se the place, nine monethes where he late:

¶ This prouid tyrant, vnfornunate man  
Morall Hencie, causeles he slewe  
Whiche was his maister when he began  
Virgins profest, he dyd pursue  
Beyng right chaste, stedfast and true  
His Lecherus lust, onely to fulfyll  
Raunished them of force, against their wyll

¶ Yet mozeouer, this fend infernall  
Against Chrlstes faisthe, most dispiteous  
Slewe the Apostles, Peter and Paule  
For which vengeance, & deedes most lecherus  
God gane him ouer, as man vngracious  
With a dagger, roue him selfe vnto the herte  
Died

## Of the Brutts.

Died for Payne, anguiche and deadly smarte.

Thus God of his righte, tirates can chastyce  
Which wil rebell, against pore innocencie  
Them to murdye, and will not aduertise  
In Christ to haue, trewe confidence  
They must of force, without assistance  
Remayne with Cerberus, the Hell hound  
Linked with Tatalus in chaines fast bound.

Of our Emperours, a ful great number  
I coulde resite froward of courage  
Christes faische, causeles to incumber  
I will let pas, all the surplusage  
No more to speake, of fraude and pyllage.  
Neither murdye, treason, with their infame  
Set them together, with rebuke and shame.

Can ye deny, but this is trewe  
Why do ye then, vs Brutts accuse  
We are right tothe, out faulcs to renue  
But lithe ye causeles, do vs misuse  
As in report, ye cannot refuse  
Grosse is his wittie, worthy of infame  
That will not defend his countrey & name,

If ye loke well, and ludge a ryght  
Ye ought not vs, Welshmen disdayne  
With we with all our force and myght  
Your holy men did entartayne  
From your exile, and cruell payne  
When that they durst, no where abyde  
For their refuge, we did provide.

d.v.

Cffo;

## A Chronicle

**C**for in the time, of your great outrage  
When no man myght, your malice intreate  
So wilfull were ye, of minde and courage  
Christ and his lawes, sone to forget  
His electe to kyll, malice and threate  
Of very constraint, inforced to flee  
So cruell and merciles, that time were ye.

**C**helpe or redresse, none could they fynde  
Their carefull life, for to assure  
Their inspyred heartes, their constant minde  
Inforced were, lacke of recure  
To seke abrode, their harde aduenture  
Where that they myght, with pure intent  
Christes religion for to augment.

**C**Then into Wales, they dyd approche  
Through Goddes prouidence, his myght to  
Under many a strog mighty roche (she we  
Builded their Chappels, in desernes lowe  
In sondry places, as men doth knowe  
As at this day, plainly doth appere  
The places olde, euident and clere,

**C**This is no fayned iuencion  
Neither yet no curious fable  
Who lyt to loke, without suspection  
Shall fynde it trewe, and veritable  
Written by fathers, honorable  
For a moxe concordant of Godly fame  
Our Churches at this day, bretch their name

**C**Loke vp your stoyles, and sentence olde  
Accompys

## Of the Breutes.

Accompyng the tyme, yeares and season  
I dare assayme, beynge so bolde  
To make herein, a comparison  
With any Chisten religion  
For lengthe of time, bearyng good name  
Concernyng our sayth, for any infame

**C**on thousand. CCC. fowre score & twayne  
Within it floxhed, fyft with vs  
In the tyme of many a proude Romayne  
Martered was holy Culenecius  
In whose tyme raigned Lucius  
In Britaigne, the famous region  
Then entered forth Chistes religion

**C**hrist was in the yere of our Lord  
In hundred six and fiftie playne  
After his byrthe, stories doth accord  
Within the saythe, came fyft into Britaigne  
Among vs Breutes there to remayne  
As at this day, ye may well see  
Never accused, of Infidelite

**C**What place so constant, sure and stable  
Is at that tyme, myght there be founde  
Like unto Wales, none so veritable  
No tiranny with vs, there did abounde  
The faith remayned, full hole and sounde  
Accordyng to Chistes religion  
Without spot oþ gall, oþ infection.

**A**to what place shuld they haue resorted  
To haue had redicste, in this misery

## A Chronicle

¶ Where shuld they haue ben supported  
Neither in Rome, neither in Italy  
Neither in Spaine, Fraunce, or Germany  
Wchely to conclude, this is manifest  
From the sonne risyng, doun to the Weste.

Dicilian  
Maximian

Such tirantes that time had the gouernauice  
That no man durst Christ to confesse  
Dispysed his lawes, and in that instance  
In xxx. daies, as Scripture doth witness  
Twenty thousand clayne this is doutlesse  
By Dicilian, raigning in the Easte  
And Maximian, do wone in the west.

¶ Who euer harde, of luche a sorte  
So vngacious, and so vntrewe  
As were the Romaynes, in their report  
To blasphem our Lord, Christ Iesu  
Affirmyng plaine, this to be trewe  
That Rome never so vously prospered  
Within the faith, among them entered

haidus  
h hono-  
s.

¶ Loke in the time, of Areadius  
There may ye se, their false opinion  
Beyng Emperour, with Honorius  
Unto their Idolles hauyng affection  
As saint Augustine maketh relation  
In his boke called Civitate Dei  
Where he confoundeth, their false Heresy.

¶ My hand quaketh, for fere and drede  
My heart of truthe, beginneth to shrikke  
When I beholde, this stoy to rede

The

## Of the Brutes.

The teares weate, distilleth my sincke  
Oh Lord, to remember and thynche  
The cructie, mischefe, and endles paine  
Among the Romains, that time did raigne

Who shuld but moine, lament and wepe  
Considering all thynges of ryghte  
The vertuous with grace then replete  
Put in exile, cleane out of syght  
The tirauntes great, by force of myghte  
Persecuted the innocent bloudde  
Thus with the Romains, that time it stode.

To brefe my sentence, the truthe to tel  
With vs in Wales, none were opprest  
No tirauntes great, with vs did dwelle  
There was the place, of peace and rest  
Christ and his lawes, for to degest  
None durst approche, that to deny  
Agayne our faithe, once to reply.

How may ye then, with vs compare  
Or why do ye, Welshmen defame  
Let your owne strokes, the truthe declare  
Ye are defectiue, evyn in the same  
As in reproche, worthy of blame  
Innocentes, gyltieſſe to accuse  
In that your ſelfe, moſt dothe abuse.

Of your nobles, and Imperours all  
With Constantine, make no comparison  
For his magnificencie Imperiall  
Bothe in Britaygn, that famous region

## I Chronicle

He was the fyre, of hearty affection  
That dyd decree, al men to dye  
Chyſt and his lawes that wolde denye.

To  
Unto the Churche, for Chyſtes sake  
Excellēd all other, before his time  
The Romayne Temples, newely did make  
Dedicated them by ſentence deuine  
To the honor of God, and the orders nyne  
With moſt mere and pure deuocion  
Gane to the Churche, the fyre poſſeſſion

To  
To that intent, from all indigence  
The miſſiſters, ſhuld ſtande at reſte  
God for to ſerue, with due reverenſe  
All worldly thoughtes to be repreſt  
Virtue to increaſe, this is maniſteſt  
All ſolitary, there for to abyde  
For the loue of Chyſt, this diſ he prouide.

Gave goodes & treaſure with oynamēts large  
Amplifyde all thynges, with great expence  
Made a decree, and gaue in charge  
That all men ſhuld, with due reverenſe  
To Chyſtes croſſe, kepe hiſ obedicnſe  
And was the fyre, in Banner and Shylde  
Croſſes to peynt, that bare in feſde.

To  
Oh moſt famous Louſtantine  
To whom no Romayne might attayne  
Whose goodneſſe the worlde diſ inlumine  
Worne in England, then caſled Brytaygne  
Honore of St. Heliſ, the ſtopp is playne

From

## Of the Brutes.

From Troy liniably, downe descended  
In Chistes Churche, most to be commended.

But nowe a lacke, all is reversed  
Only through fayned perfection  
For doubtles, vertue was represed  
Whan Constantine, first of affection  
To Peters Churche, gaue such possession  
Then obedience, beganne to rebell  
Whiche caused pride, Humilitie to expell

O Rome Rome, chāge thi cost, remove thy  
Barre & bare, fruteles is thy ground (place of the bish  
Yet unto this day, for lacke of grace  
Littell vertue, in the there doth abound  
I dare alledge, this world so rounde  
May not suffyce, this present houre  
So satisfye thy head and gouernour

The cruell Emperours, by force of warre  
Myght never, suche ryches attayne  
Kingdomeis to spoile, countreis to marre  
As at this time the cause is playne  
With so smal traxyl, and so great gayne  
Suche Politie there is inuented  
By seale and waz, and parchment indented

Solles for to save, ded gone and past  
But God alone no wight can tell  
Whether they be free, or in payne calle  
In Paradise, Heauen, or in Hell  
Yet for money, those solles wil they sell  
By autoritee of Peter and Paul

Pardon

## A Chronicle Pardon forȝeue, and release them all

Thus Lord thy might, thei wold withdraw  
To whom mercy, onely doth appertaigne  
As though they might, in heuen make a lawe  
At their pleasure, solles to detayne  
Some to release, and some to remayne  
Like as they wolde, for mede or hyre  
Some to acquite, some leauie in the fire.

tes.iii.

Oh Lord aboue, a damnable offence  
Among thy people, such erreours to bryng  
Against all trewthe, and godly reuerence  
To haue a trust, in any other thyng  
There is no helpe, no other meanyng  
Let this in our heartes, fast be graued  
Onely by Christes blud, our solles ar sauad.

And yet (O Lord) how farre do they erre  
Thy maiesty is all full of mercy  
No sinner doutles, wilt thou debarre  
Being penitent, contrite and sorry  
These couetous heades, cleane contrary  
The poore solle, wrapped in woo and payne  
Without moncy, shal lie still and complaine.

What Charitee herein is extended  
When two solles in paine, licht together  
Perchance both in one case haue offended  
The one for money, his ioye shall recover  
The other for lacke, shal lye styll for euer  
Suche is their Charitee, in time of nede  
Their wordly pompe, to set forth and fede.

3E

## Of the Brutes.

**C**h'cruell Nero, had now afrende  
That woul'd disbource, and pase at large  
So to compounde, and make an ende  
For all his synnes, and fell outrage  
I thinke his soule might walke at large  
Consideryng pardons, are so plentie  
By meane wherof, hel is emptie.

**C**Oh Lorde God, what wondrefull pride  
Is it on yearth, goddes to be called  
Equall with thy grace, solles to deuide  
As though thei wer, in heuen stalled  
Thy enemies Lorde, thei maie be called  
Whiche will thy people, suchे errois bryng  
For their profite, our solles deceiuyng

**C**Is there any other, maner of meane  
Then in the bloud, of Christ Jesus  
The immuculate labe, moste pure and cleane  
The sonne of God, whiche doth forgeue vs  
If we knowldge, our deedes vicius  
Christ it is, that geueth remission  
By the mercis, of his blessed passion.

**C**The Apostle blessed saint Peter  
Nether yet inspired holy saint Paull  
The very trewe, and sincers precher  
Euer pardoned any soule at all  
The spirite once past, the body mortall  
That onely to God, reserved is  
His deuine power, consisteth in this.

**C**O glorius God, how muche are we bound  
e,i, Unto

## A Chronicle

Unto thy deuine maiestie  
These errois grate for to confounde  
Auoydnyng the danger, of this infirmitie  
In the tyme, of our necessite  
Like as somtyme, surely it befell  
Unto thy electe, of Israell.

Whiche so tenderly, hast cared for vs  
That nothing mought be, for our saluacion  
But by thy pitie, moste glorious  
Thou hast of thy godly affeccion  
Prepared the same, for our redempcion  
As in the olde lawe, apereth full well  
By Josia, then kyng of Israell.

For when thy lawes, wer clene suppressed  
By the space of many hundred yeres  
By Josia again wer redressed  
Dedicated to thy heauenly spores  
Abholished their frounyng cheres  
In worshyping their false Idolatry  
Whys gloriouse name, newly to magnify.

By reason wherof, this prince deserued  
A name of renowne, to hym most excellent  
By thy grace Lorde, onely reserved  
Whiche to his name, shalbe permanent  
Neuer none to hym, equivoient  
Resyning as kyng ouer Israell  
Lorde vnto thee, this is knownen right well

Do in likewise, moste mercifull Lorde  
This present houre, of thy tender loue

The

## Of the Brutes.

Thy olde mercie, newly to record  
Our princes herte, inwardly doth moue  
Suche abusions, to reiege and reproue  
Thy lawes, Lord, long out of remembraunce  
Are now reduced, to thy godly ordinance.

By our moste noble, Henry the eight  
Through thy incomparable goodnessse  
All thynges Lord, is made pure and streight  
Abholished is all wickednesse  
In especiall Lord, this is doubtlesse  
The power of Roine, so long misused  
Our kyng hath now vterly confusid.

Now to returne, where I began  
So to conclude, and briefe my stile  
Betwene the Brute, and the Romanes  
No terimes to seke, my tong to fyle  
No matter more, now to compile  
The tyme to tracte, do I intende  
But close vp my boke, and make an ende,

But first to you, master Polidorus  
Your conscience, onely to discharge  
Whiche of long tyme, hath been oblivious  
Against vs Brutes, in wryting so large  
Your spritis incensed, all in a rage  
By your reporte, vs to infame  
Your pen to rashe, your termes out of frame

Where is become, your bounden deutie  
Our antecessours, this to deface  
Sicke it pleaseth, the high Maiestie

## A Chronicle

Of our moste noble, the kynges good grace.  
Not to disdaine, as in this case  
To be compted, of the same stocke and lyne  
Doun by dissent, to this present tyme.

Who wer more worthy, then wer these thre  
Hercules, Hector, and Arthur the kyng  
For their princely Magnanimitie  
Was never none, to them resemblyng  
In bodely strength, all other surmountyng  
Lions, Dragons, monstorous and wild  
By manly constraint, made them tame & milde

These princely men, these worthies thre  
Whose knightly force, for to preferre  
Poetes do sayne, a singulartee  
For their manhode, and strength in warre  
Should be transformed, into a starre  
As it wer, by a deuine grace  
In the Cristall sky, to take their place.

To bryng you, from all ambiguitie  
Unto the truth, of this succession  
By a dissente, and a genelogie  
Without any vain, ostentacion  
I purpose with an honest emulacion  
Here to conclude, who so list to loke  
Set together, at the ende of my boke.

But yet because, I haue expressed  
As here tofore, somewhat al large  
Our old abuses, newly redressed  
Perchance ye will ley them to my charge  
Saying

## Of the Brutes.

Saying therin, ye have aduantage  
So that we cannot, the thyng deny  
But with the Prophete, to saie peccati.

We do confesse, our simplicite  
Like as it was, in tyme of Israell  
To live with milke, yerbes and hony  
For greate excesse, we take no trauell  
Neither for pompe, or riche apparell  
We Welshmen plaine, that do deny  
Whiche is oft, muche vsed in Italie.

But as David, with grace replete  
In tyme of Saul, the famous kyng  
Disdained not, his shepe to kepe  
Aboute the feldes, them pastoryng  
Likewisse do we, our selves conferryng  
Disdaine not, herdmen to be  
Whiche is aparte, of our ciuitete.

We vse no figges, in pees potage or meat  
Whiche in Italy, is oft frequented  
Without suspecte, together we eate  
No poysons with vs, is there inuented  
And ye again, contrary incensed  
With poyson strong, this is insubstance  
The greater estate, the lesse of assurance.

Withdrawe your pen, Master Polidorus  
Your vain repose, and fliyng fantasy  
Your termes grosse, and matter slanderus  
No more in this, to amplify  
But what maie stande, with honesty

i.iii. Wordes

## A Chronicle

Wordes of defame, ye mase well thinke  
Men will requite, cuen to the pitte binkē

**C**herin to make a degression  
After the mynde, of Iosephus  
In the yeres, and computacion  
Betwene noble Brute, and Romulus  
And of their citees, stately and sumptuous  
Whiche of the twaine, shold other surmount  
Of antiquitee, their yeres to accompt.

**C**also these stoke, birthe, and these lyne  
Is Eusebius, and also saint Bede  
Plainly doth define and dterminyng  
Brute to bee, moste auncient in dede  
Foure hundred and twenty yeres as I rede  
So that London, was a citee of fame  
When Rome, nor Romulus beare no name.

**C**roke vp your stories, and marke the well  
When Brute began, his foundacion  
Ely was Judge, and prieste in Israell  
Ferte insyng, after Samson  
As holy scripture, maketh mencion  
Whiche was before Christ, M. C. xxii. yere  
As in the stories, more plainly doth apere

**C**and thus Eusebius, also saint Bede  
Affirmeth plain, in euery thyng  
How Rome was made, the fift yere in dede  
Of Acham that tyme, of Italy kyng  
Whiche doth agre, the yeres accomptyng  
That Londo before Rome, was raised first  
fourt

## Of the Brutes.

Foure hundred and twenty yeres suff.

**C**also Galfridus, reherseth plain  
How many kynges, successiuely  
One after other, here did remain  
Of one dissent, lyne and progeny  
Fully an hundred, as he doth specific  
Recon from Brute, doun to Cadwaladre  
And thus of the kynges, was the hole nūbre.

**C**From Cadwalader, the yere accomptyng  
As diuerse auctours, doth specify  
Untill this tyme, doun dissendyng  
Till our mooste noble, the hight kyng Henry  
Of the same stocke, lyne and progeny  
As by dissent, the yeres doth appere  
Fully eight hundred fiftie and eight yere.

**C**Then to accompt, the yeres & the numbre  
Sithen Brute, toke his first possession  
Equally deuidse, them asunder  
Recordyng to the computation  
And ye shall finde, by plain discription  
Two thousand six hundred. Ixvi. yeres plain  
Sithen Brute began, the yere of his reigne

**C**Thus for yeres, tyme and continuaunce  
For bloud, birth, and high parentage  
For nobilitie, and mightie puissance  
For vigoure, strength, and manfull corage  
Let vs compare, with Rome and Cartage  
With all other, notable citées  
For our renouned, olde antiquites.

e.iii. What

## A Chronicle

¶ What shoulde I more, of this report  
Sith the storie olde, doth it renewe  
Whose list therto, hymself resorte  
As I haue saied, shall finde it trewe  
Set out at large, as it is dewe  
Honor, reuerence, with all other thynges  
As doth appertayne, to worthy kynges.

¶ Wherfore let vs integrally intende  
Our molte famous kyng, for to aduance  
Like his desernes, his grace to commendes  
In his high and mightie gouernance  
Blessed are we, happy his our chance  
To be borne vnder, so noble a kyng  
To se his grace, ouer vs reignyng.

¶ Whiche hath prouided, for our redresse  
Neuer none like, before this daie  
Let vs in Males, the truth confesse  
And for his grace, molte hertely pracie  
Long to continewe, God graunt he maiest  
With rest and peace, emongest vs here  
Saue our Quene, our prince, & his daughter  
(dere.)

## The Autour.

¶ Considerynge, fortunes mutabilitee  
Now vp now doun, as þ whelle goth a  
To day a prince, of muche nobilitie/bout  
To morowe in dager, wādyng in great doube  
This hath happened, the worlde throughout  
Well molte none, of the first bloud and lyne  
In any region, reigneth at this tyme.

¶ Emong

## Of the Brutes.

**C**mong all princes, of excellency  
For length of tyme, bloud and progeny  
Let vs preferre, the highe magnisicence  
Of our moste royall, theight kyng Henry  
Whiche at this houre, by grace of the deity  
Possessesthesame, kyngdomme and powre  
Like as did Brute, his first progenitoure.

**C**Though doble fortune, in tyme long past  
His noble bloud, for to incumbe  
Her traitorous trapnes, a brode did cast  
With foren kynges, to kepe them vnder  
In diuers places, sente in an numbre  
Yet God would not, of his deuine grace  
The Troyans bloud, shold lose their place.

**C**As shall appere, by this dissente  
Brifely set out, this present tyme  
By auctours good, famous and excellent  
As Royses olde, doth determine  
Though for a tyme, thei wer in ruine  
Not possessyng their in heritaunce  
God of his myght, hath now made assuraunce

**C**But sithe it wer, all to tedious  
Their auncient names, for to prescribe  
I will be brefe, and compendious  
By numbre, to accompt this tribe  
All foren kynges, for to devide  
Onely a fewe of the Brutes to name  
As thei wer worthy, of laude and faine.

F I N I S .

## A Genelogie of the Brutes.

Diodorus Secus  
ius, Birosus the  
Taldey in the . v.  
boke of his anti  
quities, Eusebius  
Tibule, and Boe  
cas affirmith Os  
iris, was called  
Sarapis the God  
in Egypte.

Osiris  
the firsste kyng  
of Egyp特, in Genesis  
called Misraem Also  
kyng of Italie.

Hercules sonne of

Osiris

Saint Iheron  
in the . x. of Gene  
sis, Diodorus Bi  
rus, affirmeth  
this Hercules to  
do the . xii. nota  
ble labores. And  
not Hercules Al  
cides whiche the  
Grekes affir  
meth to be their  
Champion.

Labus or  
Libus called grea  
Hercules kyng of Eg  
ypte, Italie, Almayne,  
Phenice, Phrigie, Li  
bie, Argis, Grece, Af  
fricke, Fall Hel  
tike and Tus  
can.

Tuscus the  
sonne of Hercules  
kyng of Italie,

**C**æthes  
the sonne of  
**Tuscas** kyng  
of Italy.

**C**blascon  
the sonne of Al-  
theus kyng of  
Italye.

**C**ombla-  
blasco the sone of  
Blascon kyng  
of Italye.

Birofus  
in his boke of  
antiqui-  
ties. I ho  
de Witer  
by com-  
mittator;

of Birofus  
saith  
he had 3  
sonnes,  
Jaseus,  
Dardan-  
nus & Ar-  
monia.

Jaseus  
kyng of  
Italy.

Armonia the  
third brother.

Eusebius  
saith that  
Dardan  
began too  
reigne, the  
yere of the  
worlde. iii.

Loke in  
Diodorus  
seculus the

Diodorus  
writeth ex  
prestely þ  
Troye, e-  
xiled Can-  
talus out  
of hysghe  
Phryghee,

Dardanus  
the secōd sonne  
of Lōbloblascon  
kyng of Dardine  
in Phrygie.

Eriatonius  
the sōne of Dar-  
dayne the second  
kyng of Dar-  
dayne.

Troos þ sōne  
of Eryctonyus,  
changed the name  
of Dardaine and  
called it Troy.

The yong  
sonne Gani-  
mides whiche  
Cantalus be-  
trayed.

Ilion sonne  
of Trois kyng  
of Troye.

thousande  
seuen hun-  
dred. xiii.  
the age of  
Moses. i.  
hundred  
and xiii.

fifte boke  
for Eri-  
tonius.

beyng kīg  
there. Hī  
Assaracus  
+ Ganimi-  
des, sōnes  
of Trois.

Laomedon  
sonne of Elion  
kyng of Troy.

Astaracus  
the seconde  
sonne of  
Troys.

Priamus  
the sonne of  
Laomedon the  
laste Kyng.

Hector  
the valiant  
the sonne of  
Priamus

Lapis the  
sonne of Astaracus a Prince  
of Troye.

Anchissis the  
sonne of Lapis  
a prince of Troy.

Loke in  
Caigng Au  
ten the  
twentye  
Chapiter

Eneas the  
sonne of Anchises  
kyng of Italy.

of the se  
uentene  
booke of  
the Litez  
of God,

Loke in  
and Sa  
kyng of

Ascanius the  
sonne of Eneas  
and of Lheusa dou  
ghter of Pyiamus  
kyng of Troy.

Eusebius  
bellicus.  
Italy.

Syng of

Hicles  
brother of As  
canius sonne of  
Eneas, and of  
Lauina.

Italy.

Brete of  
the noble  
bloud of  
Croye  
Ioke f Faz  
sciculus  
Temporū

**C**Brute the  
firste Kyng of  
Britayne sonne  
of Silvius Po-  
sthumus.

I hirz Chil-  
dren when  
Heli was  
prieste in  
Israell &  
also Ioke  
Galfride.

Lambre  
Prince of  
Wales.

Albanactus  
of Scotland.

**C**Lotrynas  
the sonne of Brute  
the seconde Kyng  
of Britayne.

Betwene Lo-  
Bellinus wſt

trinus and  
xviij kynges.

Belinus w  
helpe of his  
brother G  
overcame þ

**C**Belinus  
the soonne of  
Donwallo the  
twentie and one  
Kyng of Bri-  
tayne.

Rome  
Ioke in  
Aſſin p  
xx. boke

**C**Betwene  
Belin' and  
Lassbelan

were  
xviij kynges.

In Cassi-  
belas time  
Julius Ce-  
sar came

Lassibelan  
soonne of Hely  
the thre score and  
seven Kyng of  
Britayne.

into this  
lande with  
his Ro-  
mayns.

Next Las-  
tinencius

sibelan was  
kyng.

In Rym-  
belins time  
I E S V S  
CHRIST

Rymbelrne the  
soonne of Timen-  
cius the .x. and  
nyne Kyng of  
Britayne.

was borne  
of the glo-  
rious vir-  
gyn Mary

Betwene Rym-  
cius was four

belyn and Lu-  
kynge.

C Lucius  
was the  
first Chri-  
sten Kyng  
in the yere  
of our lord

C Lucius the  
soonne of Loel-  
les the seventy and  
four Kyng of  
Britayne.

an hundred  
fiftye and  
five yere.  
Looke in  
Gyldas.

Emperour  
of Rome  
Monarche  
and presy-

Constantine the  
great sonne of S.  
Helen, the iiiii. score  
kyng of Britaygne.

dente of e-  
very region  
of Christe-  
dome.

Betwene Constan-  
and Constantyne  
kynges in

tine the Emperour  
the third, was four  
Britayne.

This Con-  
stantine  
diane oute  
of Britany  
the Scotts  
Danes,  
Norweges

Constantine th  
third of that name  
the xxxviii. kyng of  
Britaygne.

Vices, and  
huncs with  
the Ro-  
mans, whi  
che soe op-  
pressed Brit-  
aygne.

Betwene Constan-  
Arthure, was but  
tayne.

tine the thynde and  
fourc kinges in Brit-  
aygne.

Of Arthur  
the greate  
iske in Fa-  
sciculus Te-  
porum in Li-  
nea Christi

Arthur the gret  
in the vere of our  
lord. CCCCLxxv  
was þ xxxviii. kig  
of Britaygne.

xxxviii. hundrede  
lxxviii. in Po-  
licronicon  
xxviii. Chap-  
ter, and in  
Galfinde,

Betwene  
Arthur and  
Ladwala-

der was ix.  
kynges in  
Britaygne.

Loke in Faz  
biān whych  
affirmeth he  
slew Lotha-  
ri, his bro-  
ther Edw-  
eus, and A-

Ladwallader the  
hunderde kyng of  
Britayne, and the  
last kyng of Bry-  
tayne.

thelwolde,  
thre of the  
Sarsons  
kiges: Loke  
also of Gal-  
fridus.

The mortal plagues  
and scarsnes of vi-  
wallader to Rome.

infectiōn of pestilence  
ctaylles draue Lad-

Idwall  
came into  
Wales by  
comande-  
ment of Lad-  
wallader to  
defende the  
Brytons a-

Idwall sonne of  
Ladwallader, prince  
of Northe Wa-  
les.

gynste the  
Saros. Of  
this Idwal  
Walshmen  
had their  
name.

Betwene Idwal  
was there eyght

+ Tewdwr Mawr  
princes successively

This price  
chased the  
Sarons,  
Danes and  
Pictes, fro

Tewdwr Mawr  
the great Prince of  
Wales, was the ten  
the Prince.

the borders  
of Wales  
with all o-  
ther foreyn  
cunmyes.

Betwene  
Tewdwr  
Mawr and  
Edmonde  
Earle of  
Richmond

wer of lynes  
all discentg  
fullly. xi. be-  
twene Lad-  
wallader and  
Edmod. xxi

This fam<sup>e</sup>  
Edmond of  
the veraye  
true lyne of  
Ladwala-  
der dyrely  
halfbrother  
to kig Hen-  
ri. vi. whose

Edmond Ear-  
le of Richemonde  
sonne of Owen  
and Mucne  
Katherine.

motherwas  
doughter to  
the french  
Lyng and  
wyfe to the  
famous  
Lyng Hens-  
ty the fift.

This noble  
Lyng was  
called the

Henr the seventh  
sonne of Edmond  
Earle of Rich-  
mond.

Second Da-  
lomon.

Henry the  
eyght moste  
christeking,  
King of En-  
gland, Frace  
and Ire-  
land, and of

Henry the eyghte  
sonne of Henry  
the seventh

the Church  
of England  
and Ire-  
land, the first  
supreme  
Heade,

Edward the  
sixt sonne of Hen-  
ry the eight whom  
God p[re]serue.

**T**hese Iuctours olde, with one accord  
This famous linc, cōueigheth ureight  
To our most dread, soueraigne Lord  
By the grace of God, Henry the eyght.  
To Edward our price, our tresur of weight  
Whom God aboue, their enemies reppresse  
Send them long life, with plenteous successe.

F I N I S.

Imprinted at Lon-  
dō in the parische of Chri-  
stes Church within new  
gate by Richard Graft-  
ton , Prynner to  
our soueraigne  
lorde Kyng  
Edward  
the vi.

1547.

*Cum priuilegio ad impri-  
mendum solum.*



